

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING —PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

No. 22.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1822.

VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

THE CAPTIVE MOTHER RESTORED.

(By Helen Maria Williams.)

WHILE that desire of retribution, which is natural to the human mind, was satisfied in contemplating the great criminals dragged to punishment by the strong arm of national justice, sensations of softer pleasure were excited by observing the delightful transition which these momentous scenes produced in the situation of private individuals:—as after some terrible tempest, some mighty convulsion of nature, while the enormous billows of the ocean subside, and the mountain forests no longer tremble to their bases; the flowers, the shrubs, the minuter objects of the landscape, partake also the reviving influence of a benign sky, and all nature rejoices. Dr. Warton observes, in his Essay on the Genius of Pope, that no story which has been invented is so pathetic as what has really happened. This observation may be peculiarly applied to the period of the revolutionary government in France; the pencil of fiction has no colouring more gloomy than that which truth then presented, and the stories of romance offer no stronger conflicts of the passions, no incidents more affecting, or sorrows more acute, than what has passed, and what has been suffered, during the tyranny of Robespierre.

You may therefore easily imagine how many scenes of domestic felicity the revolution of the 10th of Thermidor produced; how many families bereaved of all they loved, of all that gave existence value, and pining with incurable anguish, were suddenly restored to transports so unhoisted, that they seemed like some dream of blessedness shedding its dear illusions over the darkness of despair.—What a powerful emotion swells my heart, while I select from the general group the story of an amiable family, who were unexpectedly restored to liberty and happiness.

A friend of mine, who is well known in the literary world as a man of distinguished talents, but whose name I am not at liberty to mention, was arrested by the agents of Robespierre, and confined during fifteen months in one of the most gloomy prisons in Paris. His cheerful philosophy under the certain expectation of death, his sensibility of heart, his brilliant powers of conversation, and his sportive vein of wit, rendered him a very general favourite with his companions of misfortune, who found a refuge from evil in the charms of his society. He was the confidant of the unhappy, the counsellor of the perplexed; and to his sympathizing friendship many a devoted victim in the hour of death confided the last cares of humanity, and the last wishes of tenderness. It was usual with the prisoners, when they expected or received their act of accusation, to write a letter, or leave some memorial of tenderness in the hands of a fellow-prisoner, with directions to confide it to the care of the first person who had the good fortune to be released. After the 10th of Thermidor, Mons. P.—dragged from their places of concealment many a

farewell letter which had been bathed with the tears of the writer; many a lock of silken hair, and many a little relic, precious only to the affections, "which," to use the words of the *Man of Feeling*, "when they are busied that way, will build their structures were it but on the pairing of a nail." When restored to liberty, he hastened to visit us; and having a few of those memorials in his pocket-book, he recounted to me the tales of sorrow with which they were connected. In some instances it was delightful to find, that, although the preparations for the scaffold had been made, the last wish uttered, and the last fond gift deposited, the innocent sufferer had been snatched from the stroke of the executioner, while the sanguinary tyrant had perished! One of Mr. P.—'s fellow-prisoners was a French lady who had married a German, a young man of rank as well as fortune, and who fixed his residence for some time at Paris. He had met with Mademoiselle de C—, now his wife, during his travels in Switzerland. Before the revolution, it was the fashion among the women of rank in France to have made a journey through Switzerland, and gazed upon the scenes of Rousseau's *Eloisa*; to have read St. Preux's letter at the foot of the rocks of Miellerie; and on their return to Paris, amidst artificial graces and corrupted manners, mimic with affected tones the genuine enthusiasm of passion, and display that warmth of expression and pomp of sentiment, which, when it "plays round the head, but comes not from the heart, is like sun-beams sparkling upon ice."

Mademoiselle de C— had made this tour with a fashionable party, but her heart was still pure and uncorrupted by the world; her mind was awake to all the finer sensibilities of our nature; and she gazed with unaffected wonder and delight at scenes so new and so astonishing. Amidst those scenes, whose wild and solemn graces are in perfect harmony with the better affections of the mind, Mons. de L— formed an attachment with his interesting fellow-traveller, who, upon their return to Paris, with the consent of her relations, became his wife, in the first year of the revolution. Mons. de L— lived in an elegant style at Paris; entertained at his table the members of the legislature who were most eminent for abilities, and distinguished himself by his zealous attachment to the cause of genuine liberty.—When the ferocious anarchists poured their fatal poison into her bright and sparkling cup, rich with the purest libations of human happiness, Mons. de L— protested against their sanguinary measures with that energy which belonged to his character. Having thus, in the contest between the Gironde and the mountain, placed himself in the front of the battle, Mons. de L— found himself exposed, when the Gironde perished and the Jacobins prevailed, to all the atrocious fury of those unrelenting victors. A *mandat d'arrêt* was issued against him by the committee of public safety, of which having received intimation, he concealed himself for some weeks at Paris, and at length, by means of a false passport, made his escape to Switzerland. In the mean time, the system of terror prevailed with increasing violence, and Madame L—, who had conjured her husband to seek his safety in flight, was arrested. Being far advanced

remain with guards at her own house till she was delivered. The agitation of her mind had produced the most unhappy effects on her frame; and instead of those consolations, those soothing attentions which support the fainting spirits in that hour of trial and of danger, she was forced to sustain the pangs of child-birth in the gloom of solitary confinement; she heard no voice of tenderness hail with transport the moment of her delivery, "no husband bless her that a man-child was born."—During two months she was confined to her bed, and her recovery was long doubtful. At this period it was asserted by the Jacobins that the rich corrupted the pure principles of the *sans culottes* by whom they were guarded, and an order was issued by the committee of public safety, that all persons confined in their own houses should be transferred to prison. Madame de L— shared the common fate, and in a state of the utmost debility and weakness was conducted to a *maison d'arrêt*. But soon after, this house of confinement being considered as too mild punishment for the wife of so renowned a conspirator against Jacobinism as Mons. de L—, she was removed to one of those gloomy mansions which were the immediate antechambers of the tomb.—Here Madame de L— was placed in a subterraneous grated chamber with several prisoners, one of whom was Mons. P—, who endeavoured to soothe her affliction by every mark of sympathy and respect, and who soon obtained her confidence and friendship.

A deep and settled melancholy had taken possession of her heart; hope seemed annihilated in her bosom; she had no doubt of being numbered among the victims who were daily led to the scaffold.—But upon the approach of death she could look without dismay; the separation from him she loved, was the evil which she had no power to sustain. His image was forever present to her mind—she saw his last look; the tears which he was unable to suppress, and which anguish wrung from his soul at parting—she beheld him wandering a sad and solitary exile through scenes which they had once visited together, and which were embellished by the charm of a first passion. She anticipated the cruel agonies he had to suffer when he should receive the tidings that she had perished. These sad reflections she often communicated to her fellow-prisoner, Mons. P—, who tried to arm her mind with fortitude, by the arguments of reason, and the consolations of religion. At length the period arrived when Madame de L— expected every hour to receive her act of accusation, which was but another term for the sentence of death. Already many of the companions of her captivity had perished; and her name was so well known, that far from being able to indulge any hope of deliverance, it seemed a matter of surprise that she had been permitted to live so long.

As the interval between the summons to the revolutionary tribunal and that to the scaffold was now only a few hours, Madame de L— made those preparations for death which her heart required in order to meet it with composure. She confided to Monsieur P— a paper, on which she had written many directions concerning her child; and the mode in which she wished it to be treated respecting its health and education. This paper, partiality; he has dark brown hair, the

which I have read, was filled with that minute detail which only a mother's heart can suggest, on which only a mother's heart can feel. What was most affecting in it was that yearning tenderness which often broke off abruptly the unfinished sense, not to lament the loss of life, but only to deplore that it was not to be consecrated to the dear purpose of watching over her child. Madame de L— also committed to Monsieur P—'s care a farewell letter to her husband, which I have been permitted to translate.

"To Monsieur de L—,

"I have contrived to deceive the ever-dear object of all my tenderness, in order to preserve a life far more precious to me than my own. I have made you believe that I am in security, and at peace. I have made you believe that I have passed the spring in our lovely pastoral retreat at Ville D'Avro, and that I have soothed the tedious hours of absence by the tender occupations of a nurse and a mother. Alas! why should you have known till it can no longer be concealed, that a grated dungeon has been my habitation, that the air I breathe is contagion, and that my child, my sweet babe, has been long torn from the bosom that nourished him? The fatal truth must indeed soon be unfolded to you in all its horrors; in the list of the victims of every sex, and every age, which the murderous tribunal, before whom I am going to appear, drags in sad succession to the scaffold, you will see inscribed the name of your Maria; you will learn she is no more! I see you start back with horror! I hear the groan which expresses that agony of soul which is denied the relic of tears! Alas! I have spared you those sufferings till they can be averted no longer! I feared also, that if you heard of my situation, you might have formed the wild scheme of returning—of attempting to rescue me. Oh, my beloved friend! all the gleam of consolation that sooths my spirit in this mournful moment, is the assurance of your safety! Yet I well know, that, deprived of me, your life will lose half its value. Would to heaven I could soften the pangs you have to suffer! Alas! perhaps I am sufficiently selfish to wish, that you should lament my loss, that you should cherish my memory. Why was I not permitted to share your flight, and in some lonely hamlet, far from the turbulence of the world, to have lived but for you! Ah, my dearest friend, we shall wander no more together, amidst those sublime mountains on which I have so often gazed with tears of admiration! Ah, no! a few days, perhaps a few hours hence, my eyes will be closed on nature. Could I but have lived to present to you your child, to have seen our infant in your arms, I could have died without regret.—He is with Madame —, who is not yet imprisoned; but I can scarcely hope she will long escape. What then will become of him? But you will live for his sake, for the sake of his mother. I conjure you, my beloved husband, by all the tender ties which have bound us to each other, indulge not unavailing sorrow, think of me with that feeling of regret which may lead you to cherish the infant I leave you, but repress that bitterness of affliction which might deprive my child of his last support. He is a sweet infant, I may venture to tell you, without a mother's

colour of yours, and blue eyes : he resembles you very much,—he did at least, for I have not seen my sweet babe for three months past. Those monsters, who tear asunder, without remorse, all the dearest ties of nature, will not even allow the devoted mother the last sad consolation to embrace her child ! Oh, my child, my child ! When I think of him my courage fails, and my heart fondly clings to life. If I had but been spared to take care of him in those helpless years that so much require a mother's tenderness ! How can I hope that strangers will live, as I should have done, to have removed his little wants, to have watched over him with unwearied solicitude ? Oh, no ! nothing can supply to him his mother's loss ; and, perhaps, unfortunate infant ! he will soon follow me to the grave. But no more ! I will endeavour to be calm ; I will resign myself with confidence to God ; I will remember that I am still under the protection of that Being to whom we have so often lifted up our souls with enthusiastic fervour, amidst those scenes where every object was an image of his greatness, and seemed full of his divine presence. Yes, my beloved friend, He also is present to me in the gloom of my grated dungeon ; He hears the sighing of the captive ; He numbers my tears, will support my drooping spirit, and will sustain my fainting heart in the last trial of humanity ! Farewell, my dearest friend ! Beloved object of all my affection, farewell ! My last thoughts hang on you, my last prayer shall be for you ! You alone occupy all my soul on the brink of the grave ! and the hope of meeting you in a better world, is all that can sooth the heart of your

MARIA."

The sad presages of this letter, which was dated in the last days of Messidor, were not accomplished. The 10th of Thermidor arrived, and Madame de L.— was snatched from the scaffold. Her friends joined the eager multitude, who night and day beset the committee of general safety with testimonies of the innocence of the prisoners, and with reclamations for liberty. But the universal cry for justice was so pressing and so vehement, and the numbers to be released were so considerable, that although the committee with wakeful vigilance passed whole nights in undoing the web of captivity which they had so thickly woven, it was long before the task of mercy was finished ; and Madame de L.— passed six weeks after the fall of Robespierre in prison. But relieved from the horrors of a dungeon, and the immediate prospect of death, captivity, now cheered by the hope of freedom, by the thought of her husband and her child, was like a soft fleecy cloud through which we mark returning sunshine after the black gloom of the convulsive tempest.

Madame de L.— was one morning called to the room of the jailer, where she found her maid, who had obtained an order of admission, and who held her infant in her arms. Madame de L.— had borne her misfortunes with the meekest resignation, but at the sight of her child the feelings of a mother burst forth with an impetuosity which had almost proved fatal to her frame—she flew to the babe, she strained it in silence to her arms—her grasp became feeble—she sunk back in a chair, and fainted. The moment she recovered, she called eagerly for her child—again she pressed it to her bosom, and at length floods of tears came to her relief. It was found difficult to separate her from her child—she implored, with all a mother's earnestness, to be allowed to keep it—but it was against the rules ; her release was expected in a few days, and the keeper of the prisoner refused permission. She now betrayed more impatience at the short period of confinement which remained, than she had done during the long course of her captivity.

At length the order for her liberty ar-

rived, and the friend who procured it conducted her to her house. The sight of her infant, and of her home, awakened in her mind the most overwhelming emotions. "Ah," cried she to her friend, while she held her babe in her arms, "if my husband were here ?"—"He is ! he is !" cried Monsieur de L.—, who could contain himself no longer, and rushed into the room. Monsieur de L.— being a foreigner, and consequently not considered as an emigrant, had obtained a passport from the French ambassador in Switzerland, and arrived the day before his wife was released from prison.

The scene that followed, and which has been described to me by Monsieur P.—, must have been delightful to witness ; but it is unnecessary to detail. Every heart can feel, and every imagination can fill up the picture. We need not be told that the father pressed his infant to his breast with transport, and that the wife and the mother experienced those sensations which it is seldom the lot of humanity to feel, and which its weakness scarcely can sustain.

WOLKMAR AND HIS DOG.

A SWISS FRAGMENT.

It was evening when Wolkmar and his dog, almost spent with fatigue, descended one of the mountains in Switzerland. The sun was dilated in the horizon, and threw a tint of rich crimson over the waters of a neighbouring lake : on each side rocks of varied form, their green heads glowing in the beam, were swarded with shrubs that hung feathering from their summits, and, at intervals, was heard the rushing of a troubled stream.

Amid this scenery, our traveller, far from any habitation, wearied, and uncertain of the road, sought for some excavation in the rock, wherein he might repose himself, and having at length discovered such a situation, fell fast asleep upon some withered leaves. His dog sat watching at his feet, a small bundle of linen and a staff were placed beside him, and the red rays of the declining sun, having pierced through the shrubs that concealed the retreat, gleamed on the languid features of his beloved master.

And long be thy rest, O Wolkmar ! may sleep sit pleasant on thy soul ! Unhappy man ! war hath estranged thee from thy native village ; war, unnatural war, snatched thee from thy Fanny and her infant. Where art thou, best of wives ? thy Wolkmar lives ! Report deceived thee, daughter of affliction ! for the warrior rests not in the narrow house. Thou fled'st ; thy beauty caught the eye of power ; thou fled'st with thy infant and thy aged father. Unhappy woman ! thy husband seeketh thee over the wilds of Switzerland. Long be thy rest, O Wolkmar ! may sleep sit pleasant on thy soul.

Yet not long did Wolkmar rest ; starting, he beheld the dog, who, seizing his coat, had shook it with violence ; and having thoroughly awakened him, whining licked his face, and sprung through the thicket. Wolkmar eagerly following, discerned, at some distance, a man gently walking down the declivity of the opposite hill, and his own dog running with full speed towards him. The sun yet threw athwart the vale rays of a blood-red hue, the sky was overcast, and a few big round drops rustled through the drooping leaves. Wolkmar sat him down ; the dog now fawned upon the man, then bounding ran before him. The curiosity of Wolkmar was roused ; he rose to meet the stranger, who, as he drew near, appeared old, very old, his steps scarce supporting with a staff ; a blue mantle was wrapped around him ; and his hair and beard, white as snow, and waving to the breeze of the hill, received, from beneath a dark cloud, the last deep crimson of the setting sun.

The dog now ran, wagging his tail, first to his master, and then to the stranger,

leaping upon each with marks of the utmost rapture, till too rudely expressing his joy, the old man tottering fell at the foot of a blasted beech that stood at the bottom of the hill. Wolkmar hastened to his relief, and had just reached the spot, when, starting back, he exclaimed, "My father, O my father !" Gothere, for so the old man was called, saw and knew his son, a smile of ecstasy lighted up his features, a momentary colour flushed his cheek, his eyes beamed transport through the waters that suffused them, and stretching forth his arms, he faintly uttered, "My beloved son !" Nature could no more : the bloom upon his withered cheek fled fast away, the dewy lustre of his eye grew dim, the throbbing of his heart oppressed him, and straining Wolkmar with convulsive energy, the last long breath of aged Gothere fled cold across the cheek of his son.

The night grew dark and unlovely, the moon struggled to appear, and by fits her pale light streamed across the lake ; a silence deep and terrible prevailed, unbroken but by a wild shriek that died along the valley. Wolkmar lay entranced upon the dead body of his father, the dog stood motionless by his side ; but, at last alarmed, he licked their faces, and pulled his master by the coat, till having in vain endeavoured to awaken them, he ran howling dreadfully along the valley ; the demon of the night trembled on his hill of storms, and the rocks returned a deepening echo.

Wolkmar at length awoke, a cold sweat trickled over his forehead, every muscle shook with horror, and kneeling by the body of Gothere, he wept aloud. "Where is my Fanny ?" he exclaimed,—"where shall I find her ? Oh ! that thou hadst told me she yet lived, good old man ! if alive, my God, she must be near : the night is dark, these mountains are unknown to me." As he spoke, the illuminated edge of a cloud shone on the face of Gothere, a smile yet dwelt upon his features : "Smilest thou, my father," said Wolkmar ; "I feel it at my heart ; all shall yet be well." The night again drew dark, and Wolkmar, retiring a few paces from his father, threw himself on the ground.

He had not continued many minutes in this situation, before the distant sound of voices struck his ear ; they seemed to issue from different parts of the valley : two or three evidently approached the spot where Gothere lay, and the name of Gothere was at length loudly and frequently repeated. Wolkmar starting from the ground, sighed with anxiety and expectation ; leaning forward, he would have listened, but the beating of his heart appalled him. The dog, who, at first alarmed, had crept to his master's feet, began now to bark with vehemence ; suddenly the voices ceased, and Wolkmar thought he heard the soft and quick tread of people fast approaching. At this moment, the moon burst from behind a dark cloud, and shone full on the dead body of Gothere. A shrill shriek pierced the air, and a young woman, rushing forward, fell on the body of Gothere. "Oh ! my Billy," she exclaimed to a little boy, who ran up to her out of breath, "see your beloved Gothere ! he is gone for ever, gone to heaven and left us. O my poor child !" clasping the boy, who cried most bitterly, "what shall we do without him, what will become of us—we will die also, my Billy !"

Wolkmar, in the mean time, stood enveloped with shade, his arms stretched out, motionless, and fixed in silent astonishment ; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he faintly and with difficulty uttered, "My Fanny ! my child !" His accents reached her ear, she sprang wildly from the ground, "It is my Wolkmar's spirit," she exclaimed. The sky instantly cleared all around, and Wolkmar burst upon her sight. They rushed together ; she fainted, "God of mercies !" cried Wolkmar, "if thou wilt not drive me

mad, restore her to life :—she breathes ; I thank thee, O my God—she breathes ! the wife of Wolkmar lives !" Fanny recovering, felt the warm embrace of her beloved husband. "Dear, dear Wolkmar," she faintly whispered, "thy Fanny—I cannot speak—my Wolkmar, I am too happy ; see our Billy !" The boy had crept close to his father, and was clasping him round his knees. The tide of affection rushed impetuously through the bosom of Wolkmar, "It presses on my heart," he said ; "I cannot bear it." The domestics, whom Fanny had brought with her for protection, crowded around. "Let us kneel," said Wolkmar, "around the body of aged Gothere." They kneeled around ; the moon shone sweetly on the earth, and the spirit of Gothere passed by—he saw his children and was happy.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At giddy butterflies, and be jolly, and jape,
Talk of Court News ; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins ; who's in and who's out ;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's Spies.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Origin of Playing Cards.—It is generally believed that cards were invented for the amusement of one of the early kings of the line of Bourbon ; but this belief is erroneous ;—who the man was that invented these instruments of amusement and folly is not known, neither can we tell in what age they were first invented. Our knowledge is limited to the country whence they came—namely, Egypt.

The colours are two, red and black, which answer to the two equinoxes.

The suites are four, answering to the four seasons.

Their emblems formerly were, and still are in Spain—for the heart, a cup, the emblem of winter : the spade, an acorn, the emblem of autumn : the club, a trefoil, the emblem of summer : the diamond, a rose, the emblem of spring.

The twelve court cards answer to the twelve months, and were formerly depicted as the signs of the zodiac.

The fifty-two cards answer to the number of weeks in a year.

The thirteen cards in each suite, to the number of weeks in a lunar quarter.

The aggregate of the pips, calculated in the following manner, amount to the number of days in a year.

55 the number in each suite

4

220 the number in all the suites

120 the court cards multiplied by ten

12 the number of court cards

13 the number of each suite

365 the number of days.

Justice.—When Peter was only twenty-five years of age, he was seized with a fever, which threatened to be fatal. The public concern was very great, and prayers were offered up for his recovery in all the churches. At this juncture the chief judge came to his majesty, according to an ancient custom, and inquired whether it would not be proper to set at liberty nine malefactors, who had been condemned for robbery and murder, in order that this act of mercy might avert the anger of Heaven, and restore him to health ? The czar commanded the judge to read aloud the particular offences of these men, and the proofs of the charges against them. The judge obeyed ; and then Peter, with a faltering voice, said, "Dost thou think, that in granting pardon to these wretches, I should do a good action, or that God, to reward it, would prefer the prayers of murderers and thieves to those of men of a good life ? Go and execute to-morrow the sentence of the law on these criminals, and, if any thing can obtain from Heaven the restoration of my health, it will, I trust, be this act of justice."

Economy.—The late Richard Russel, Esq. had a renter's share at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, where he used to go almost every evening; and, notwithstanding his immense fortune, his penury was so great, that rather than give a trifle to any of the women who attended in the lobby-box to take care of his great-coat on an evening, he used constantly to pledge it for a shilling, at a pawnbroker's near the theatre, and redeem it when the performance was over, which cost him one half-penny interest.

Confirmation.—A poor woman, who had attended several confirmations, was at length recognised by the Bishop. "Pray have I not seen you here before," said his Lordship? "Yes," replied the woman, "I get me conform'd as often as I can; they tell me it is good for the rheumatis."

A Tavern Dinner.—A party of *bon vivants*, who recently dined at a celebrated tavern, after having drank an immense quantity of wine, rang for the bill. The bill was accordingly brought, but the amount appeared so enormous to one of the company, (not quite so far gone as the rest), that he stammered out, it was impossible so many bottles could have been drank by seven persons. "True, Sir," said Boniface, "but your honour forgets the three gentlemen *under the table*."

Wounded Tailor.—A tailor following the army, was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient, that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery. The tailor said, "If I had possessed any brains, I should not have been here."

Dr. Goldsmith.—A common female beggar once asked alms of Dr. Goldsmith as he walked with a friend up Fleet-street. He generously gave her a shilling. His companion, who knew something of the woman, censured the bard for his excess of humanity, adding, that the shilling was much misapplied, for she would spend it in liquor. "If it makes her happy in any way," replied the doctor, "my end is answered." The doctor's humanity was not always regulated by discretion. Being once much pressed by his tailor for a bill of forty pounds, a day was fixed for payment. Goldsmith procured the money; but Mr. Glover calling on him, and relating a piteous tale of his goods being seized for rent, the thoughtless but benevolent doctor gave him the whole of the money. The tailor called, and was told, that if he had come a little sooner he would have received the money, but he had just parted with every shilling of it to a friend in distress, adding, "I should have been an unfeeling monster not to have relieved distress when in my power."

Female Spirit.—Not long since a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church-door; the gentleman then stopped his intended bride, and thus unexpectedly addressed her:—"My dear Eliza, during our courtship, I have told you most of my mind, but I have not told you the whole: when we are married I shall insist upon three things." "What are they?" asked the lady. "In the first place," said the bridegroom, "I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and find fault when there is no occasion: can you submit to these conditions?" "O, yes, sir, very easily," was the reply, "for if you sleep alone, I shall not—if you eat alone, I shall eat first—and, as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care you shall never want occasion." They then immediately proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was performed.

King of Arragon.—Alphonso, King of Arragon, one day admiring the differ-

articles in his jeweller's shop, with many of his favourite women. He had scarcely left the house, when the jeweller missed a diamond of great value, and ran after him, complaining of the theft. The king, not willing publicly to disgrace any of his attendants, commanded a large basin full of sand to be brought him, into which he made each of his women put her hand clinched, and draw it out flat. By this means the diamond was left in the sand, unknown by whom.

Charles the Second.—A young gentleman of family and fortune, but of abandoned principles, having long distinguished himself, in the reign of Charles II. by highway robberies, and other desperate acts against society, was often apprehended, and sometimes convicted; but, through the interest of his friends, had always been pardoned. He was, at length, tried for murder, and condemned. Many of the nobility interceded in his favour; but to no effect: the king was inexorable. He had the pen in his hand to sign the order for his execution, when some of the nobility threw a copy of a pardon upon the table before him. The Duchess of Portsmouth, his chief favourite, standing at his right shoulder, took his hand gently with her own, and, conducting it to the paper which had the pardon written on it, led his hand while he subscribed his name, the King not making the least resistance.—

Shaking his head, and smiling, he threw the pardon to the nobleman who had interposed in the young man's behalf, adding, "Take care you keep the rascal out of my reach for the future." When this pardon was shown to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, observing how badly the letters of the King's name were formed, he wittily remarked, that when his majesty signed the pardon, "Justice had been fighting against Mercy."

Russian Discipline.—In September 1777, there happened at St. Petersburg a sudden inundation of a very considerable extent. The Empress seeing from her balcony that the water came within reach of the sentinel placed before the palace, called out to him to retire within doors, which the soldier refused to do. The Empress asked him if he knew her; the man replied in the affirmative, and that though he knew her majesty, no one but his corporal could relieve him. The waters increased, and reached the sentinel's knees. The empress sent several messages to him, but all to no purpose. It now became requisite to call the corporal, who was found asleep in the guard-house, and he was almost obliged to swim to relieve the honest private, who by that time had only his head and shoulders above water, and would compositely have suffered himself to be drowned, notwithstanding the formal and repeated orders of his Sovereign.

Royal Regulations.—When George the second was once told by some of his confidential friends, that everything was complained of, and that the people were extremely dissatisfied at the tardiness of making the public payments, he in great wrath sent for the old Duke of Newcastle, his prime minister, and told him he would no longer suffer such infamous delays, but was determined to inspect and regulate the accounts himself; and for this purpose he commanded that the proper papers should be immediately sent to St. James's. "They shall be sent to your majesty to-morrow," replied the Duke. When the King rose in the morning, he saw two waggon-loads of papers, each tied with red tape, unloading in the area. Inquiring what they were, he was told they came from the Duke of Newcastle; to whom he sent to know what it meant. "They are the papers for examination," said the Duke; "twelve more waggon-loads for

your majesty's inspection will be sent in the course of the day." "For my inspection!" replied the enraged Monarch; "for my inspection! The devil's chief clerk may inspect them, but I would as soon walk barefooted to Jerusalem!"

Travellers.—An innkeeper at Astley Chapel once sent, as a present by the carrier, to a friend at Warrington, a dog and cat tied up in a bag, who had been companions more than ten months. A short time after, the dog and cat took their departure from Warrington together, and returned to their old habitation, a distance of thirteen miles. They jogged along the road side by side, and, on one occasion, the dog gallantly defended his fellow-traveller from the attack of another dog they met.

Borrowing.—The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditor in pledge the body of his father. It was deemed both an impiety and an infamy not to redeem so sacred a pledge. A person who died without discharging that duty, was deprived of the customary honours paid to the dead.

Marine Barometers.—A dog of the pointer kind, brought from South Carolina in an English merchant vessel, was a remarkable prognosticator of bad weather.—Whenever he was observed to prick up his ears in a listening posture, scratching the deck, and rearing himself up to look to the windward, where he would eagerly snuff up the wind; if it was then the finest weather imaginable, the crew were sure of a succeeding tempest; and the dog became so useful, that whenever they perceived the fit upon him, they immediately unreefed the sails, and took in their ~~spare~~ canvas, to prepare for the worst. Other animals are prognosticators of weather also: and there is seldom a storm at sea, but it is foretold by some of the *natural* marine barometers on board, many hours before the gale. Cats and pigs, for instance, perceiving, though we cannot, the alteration in the atmosphere, by some effect it has on their bodies, will run about like wild creatures. The cat will dance up and down the shrouds, gnaw the ropes, and divert herself with every thread that stirs. The pigs will race about, bite one another, and commence perfect posture-masters, though they get many a kick for it from the apprehensive sailor.

Charles VI.—At a ball given by Queen Blanche for the entertainment of Charles VI. the master of the horse invented a masquerade, representing savages, and the habits, made of fine tow, were so contrived as to resemble hair.

This uncouth dress so pleased the king, that he would have one made for himself; and it was appointed that he should enter the ball-room leading the other five savages in chains. When they were entered, the king loosened them, that they might dance while he went and seated himself on the knee of the Duchess of Berry. At this instant the Duke arrived, and being astounded at seeing a stranger taking such a liberty with the duchess, he ordered one of his pages to bring him a torch, that he might discover who the person was; but the page unfortunately, in his haste to obey the command of his master, approached so near the savages, who were dancing, as to set their dresses on fire, and, from the combustible nature of the materials, the whole were instantly in flames. The music ceased, and nothing was heard but the most lamentable cries. One of the sufferers so far forgot his own distress, as to cry out, "save the king!" The Duchess of Berry suspecting that he was the person who sat on her knee, covered

him with her robe, and thus saved his habit from catching fire. All the noblemen who were in the *savage* dress were burnt to death, except one, who, recollecting that he had seen a little way off a large tub of water, ran thither, and threw himself into it.

Sudden Forgetfulness.—The following curious circumstances took place at the Lyceum Theatre not long ago. During the performances, the Galleries thought proper to call for their favourite song of "The Sprig of Shillclagh," though not announced in the bills. Mr. Johnstone, however, came forward with his usual alacrity and good humour to comply with the wishes of the house: accordingly the music played; but when Mr. Johnstone was to have begun, he stood silent, and apparently confused. Again the music played the symphony, but the same silence and confusion took place in rather an increased degree. A third time the music played the symphony, but to no purpose. At last Mr. Johnstone came forward, and thus addressed the house, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I assure you that I have sung this song so often, that I forget the first line." A universal roar of laughter ensued, and about two hundred voices began at once to prompt the actor, who immediately sang it with the usual applause.

George II.—His majesty was seized with a violent pain in his thumb, which, after many ineffectual experiments made by the state physicians and surgeons, was consigned over to the celebrated Dr. Ward, who acquired a great name by his skill and drop. Previous to Ward's introduction to the king, he made himself minutely acquainted with the complaint, and had prepared himself with a particular nostrum, concealed in the hollow of his hand; and, on coming into the royal presence, he begged his Majesty would permit him to examine the hand, which the king complying with, Ward gave him so sudden a wrench, that the king, who was naturally passionate, cursed him for a rascal, and gave him a violent kick on the shins. Ward bore all this very patiently, and when the king began to cool, he desired him to stir his thumb, which he did, and, to his great surprise, found that the pain was entirely gone. The king was so transported at this sudden relief, that he called Ward his *Esculapius*, made him sit down in his presence, and asked in what manner he could serve him. Ward only asked two things: one was leave to drive his coach in the park, and the other was some preferment for his nephew Gansel. The king not only granted his requests, but insisted on his accepting of a state coach, and gave the nephew a pair of colours in the guards, and, by degrees, made him a lieutenant-general.

Courage.—The Abbe Arnauld, in his entertaining memoirs, relates, that King James I. and his court being once present at one of the combats between bulls and lions, at that time frequent in London; one of the maids of honour to the Queen was attended by a young man of fashion, who was much attached to her, but whom she treated with indifference. The lady, either to prove the strength of his passion, or perhaps to get rid of him, dropped one of her gloves upon the stage, and turning to the gentleman, affected to appear extremely concerned at her loss. He well knew what this meant, and quitting his seat very coolly, walked upon the stage with his sword drawn, and his left arm wrapped up in his cloak. He then picked up the glove which had exposed him to so much danger, returned to his seat, and restored to the lady her glove, to the admiration of the whole court.—Having vindicated his courage, the gallant youth very properly punished the coquette who had put it to so severe a test, by taking no further notice of her.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the leap-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Basel, and not feel the crowd.
COWPER.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE DRUSES.

(From Burckhardt's Travels in Syria.)

Nothing is more sacred with a Druse than his *public* reputation: he will overlook an insult if known only to him who has offered it; and will put up with blows where his interest is concerned, provided nobody is a witness; but the slightest abuse given in public he revenges with the greatest fury. This is the most remarkable feature of the national character: in public a Druse may appear honourable; but he is easily tempted to a contrary behaviour when he has reason to think that his conduct will remain undiscovered. The ties of blood and friendship have no power amongst them; the son no sooner attains the years of maturity than he begins to plot against his father.

A Druse seldom has more than one wife, but he divorces her upon the slightest pretext; and it is a custom among them, that if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says to her "Go," without adding, "and come back," she is thereby divorced; nor can her husband recover her, even though it should be their mutual wish, till she is married again according to the Turkish forms, and divorced from her second husband. It is known that the Druses, like all Levantines, are very jealous of their wives; adultery, however, is rarely punished with death; if a wife is detected in it, she is divorced; but the husband is afraid to kill her seducer, because his death would be revenged, for the Druses are inexorable with respect to the law of retaliation of blood; they know too that if the affair were to become public, the governor would ruin both parties by his extortions. Unnatural propensities are very common amongst them.

The Akal are those who are supposed to know the doctrines of the Druse religion? They superintend divine worship in the chapels, or, as they are called, Khaloue, and they instruct the children in a kind of catechism. They are obliged to abstain from swearing, and all abusive language, and dare not wear any article of gold or silk in their dress. Many of them make it a rule never to eat of any food, nor to receive any money, which they suspect to have been improperly acquired. For this reason, whenever they have to receive considerable sums of money, they take care that it shall be first exchanged for other coin. The Sheikh El Nedjem, who generally accompanies the Sheikh Beshir, in his visits to the Emir, never tastes food in the palace of the latter, nor even smokes a pipe there, always asserting that whatever the Emir possesses has been unlawfully obtained. There are different degrees of Akal, and women are also admitted into the order; a privilege which many avail themselves of from parsimony, as they are thus exempted from wearing the expensive head-dress and rich silks fashionable among them.

A father cannot entirely disinherit his son—in that case his will would be set aside; but he may leave him a single mulberry tree for his portion. There is a Druse Kadhi at Deir el Kammar, who judges according to the Turkish laws, and the customs of the Druses; his office is hereditary in a Druse family; but he is held in little repute, as all causes of importance are carried before the Emir or the Sheikh Beshir.

The Druses do not circumcise their children; circumcision is practised only in the mountain by those members of the Shehab family who continue to be Mohammedans.

The best feature in the Druse character is that peculiar law of hospitality

which forbids them ever to betray a guest. I made particular inquiries on this subject, and I am satisfied that no consideration of interest or dread of power will induce a Druse to give up a person who has once placed himself under his protection. Persons from all parts of Syria are in the constant practice of taking refuge in the mountain, where they are in perfect security from the moment they enter upon the Emir's territory; should the prince ever be tempted by large offers to consent to give up a refugee, the whole country would rise, to prevent such a stain upon their national reputation. The mighty Djazzar, who had invested his own creatures with the government of the mountain, never could force them to give up a single individual of all those who fled thither from his tyranny. Whenever he became very urgent in his demands, the Emir informed the fugitive of his danger, and advised him to conceal himself for a time in some more distant part of his territory; an answer was then returned to Djazzar that the object of his resentment had fled. The asylum which is thus afforded by the mountain is one of the greatest advantages that the inhabitants of Syria enjoy over those in the other parts of the Turkish dominions.

The Druses are extremely fond of raw meat; whenever a sheep is killed, the raw liver, heart, &c. are considered dainties; the Christians follow their example, but with the addition of a glass of brandy with every slice of meat. In many parts of Syria I have seen the common people eat raw meat in their favourite dish the Kobbas; the women, especially, indulge in this luxury.

Mr. Barker told me that during his two years residence at Harissa and in the mountain, he never heard any kind of music. The Christians are too devout to occupy themselves with such worldly pleasures, and the Druses have no sort of musical instruments.

The Druses have a few historical books which mention their nation. Ibn Shebat, for instance, as I was told, gives in his history of the Califes, that of the Druses also, and of the family of Shehab. Emir Haidar, a relation of the Emir Beshir, has lately begun to compile a history of the Shehabs, which already forms a thick quarto volume.

I believe that the greatest amount of the military forces of the Druses is between ten and fifteen thousand firelocks; the Christians of the mountain may, perhaps, be double that number; but I conceive that the most potent Pasha or Emir would never be able to collect more than twenty thousand men from the mountain.

LITERATURE.

LETTER OF THE AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.

The following letter, addressed by James Thomson, the well-known author of *The Seasons*, to a friend in Scotland, has only lately made its appearance. The mind naturally seizes with avidity every thing coming from the pen of one who has done so much for fame, and for the gratification of all who have a taste for exquisite poetry. It is supposed that the particular business that carried him to London, and to which he alludes, was the publication of *the Winter*, which, at the date of the letter, was nearly completed. As a literary composition, we do not say that the following is entitled to much notice. But as it tends to lay open the feelings of that heart which dictated *the Seasons*, we are persuaded many will think with us that it was not unworthy of a corner in the MINNEVA.

London, April 3d, 1725.

DEAR SIR,—I wish you joy of the Spring. I had yours some days since, the only letter I have received since I came from Scotland, and was almost out of humour at the letter I wrote for to Mr. Elliot, since it so curtailed yours to me. I went and delivered it. He received me affably enough, and promised me his assistance, though at the same time he told me (which every one tells me), that 'twill be prodigious difficult to succeed in the business you know I design; however, come what will come, I shall make an effort, and leave the rest to Providence. There is, I am persuaded, a necessary fixed chain of things, and I hope my fortune, whatever it be, shall be linked to diligence and honesty. If I should not succeed, in your next advise me what I should do. Succeed or not, I firmly resolve to pursue divinity, as the only thing now I am fit for. If I can't accomplish the design on which I came up, I think I had best make interest to pass my trials here, so that if I be obliged to return to Scotland again, I may not return no better than I came away, and to be deeply serious with you, the more I see of the vanity and wickedness of the world, I am more inclined to that sacred office. I was going to bid you suppress that rising cough, but I checked myself severely for suffering such an unbecoming thought of you to enter into my mind—so much for business.

The playhouse is indeed a fine entertainment, though not to the height I expected. A tragedy I think, or a fine character in comedy, gives greater pleasure read than acted; but your fools, and persons of a very whimsical and humorous character, are a delicate morsel on the stage. They indeed exercise my risible faculty, and particularly the Grave Digger in Hamlet, Beau Clincher and his Brother, in the Trip to the Jubilee, pleased me extremely. Mr. Booth has a very majestic appearance, a full harmonious voice, and vastly exceeds them all in acting tragedy; the last act in Cato he does to perfection, and you would think he expired with the Oh! that ends it. Mr. Wilk, I believe, has been a very fine actor for the fine gentleman and the young hero, but his face is now wrinkled, and his voice broken, and age forbids the youthful Cheat Cibber: I have not yet seen much of his acting. Mills and Johnson are pretty good actors. Dicky Norris, that little whimsical toothless devil, will turn his back, and crack a very good joke yet. There are some others of them execrable. Mrs. Oldfield has a smiling, jolly face, acts very well in comedy. Mrs. Porter excels in tragedy, has a sharp voice, and enters most into her character, and if she did not act well she could not be endured, being more disagreeable in her appearance than any of them. Mrs. Booth acts some things very well, particularly Ophelia's madness in Hamlet. Indeed the women are generally the handsomest in the house, and better actors than the men, but perhaps their sex prejudices me in their favour. These are a few of the observations I have made in Drurylane Theatre hitherto, to which I have paid few visits; but have not been at the new house yet—my purse will not keep pace with my inclination in the matter. O, if I had Mess John here to see some of their top fools, he would shake the scenes with laughter. Give my service to him. Tell him I laugh at the thoughts of him, and should be very glad to hear from him. You may send your letters to my mother in Edinburgh, desiring her to send them to me, which I have directed her to do *frank*. However, you may send the next directly to me, to your cousin's care, and perhaps I shall fall on a more expeditious way. I must, for the present, stop here and subscribe myself, your's sincerely,

JAMES THOMSON.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.
BROOKS.

ORIGIN OF THE DRAMA, AND ITS EFFECTS ON SOCIETY.

NO. II.

The celebrated Aristotle observed, that tragedy is a lecture, without comparison more instructive than philosophy, inasmuch as it teaches the mind by the sense, and rectifies the passions themselves; calming, by their emotion, the troubles they excite in the heart. This philosopher had observed two important facts in man—pride and insensibility; and he found a cure for both in tragedy.

Mankind necessarily require to have public shows and amusements: hence the great number of them established in almost all nations. When nature in its effects, or society in its occurrences do not afford sufficient occupation to men, they are certainly under obligations to those who invent the means of contributing to their entertainment and instruction. The grimaces of a mountebank, or a quack, may amuse the vulgar; but it was natural and requisite that exhibitions, depending on art, should be in time brought to perfection among polished societies. Man himself is of all objects that which concerns man. When we see represented, in another person, what we are ourselves, nothing is more proper to fix our attention, or strongly work on the mind.

A tragedy is a dramatic poem, which represents in a theatre some signal action, or some fatal incident in the life of an illustrious or remarkable personage. The design of it is to exalt, in the minds of the spectators, the value of great virtues and sublime sentiments; and, at the same time, to paint, in the strongest colours, the meanness of vice, and horror of iniquity; and this it endeavours to obtain by influencing the two grand springs of the human mind—pity and terror. Tragedy exhibits men that strongly bear the stamp of human nature; that have its passions, its excesses, its weaknesses, and its miseries; and it represents them on that side which may awaken our indignation or compassion. The conflict of the passions is what interests us most in a tragical representation. Sometimes they struggle together in different persons; sometimes the conflict is in the same person, and the same heart; and this, producing agitations infinitely stronger, according to the laws of decorum, the nobler passion ought always to prevail.

It is also a rule in dramatic composition, that as tragedy is a representation of one event only, and not a collection of various adventures, there should consequently be observed a triple unity; that of time, place, and action. A tragic piece should, likewise, be divided into five, or, at least, three acts; because the mind of the spectator must become relaxed, and cannot attend for so considerable a period to the subject without his pleasure degenerating into fatigue.

A comedy is a drama calculated to represent some action or ordinary event in life, which is capable of being interesting by ridiculing the vices or follies of mankind; and thus to correct the manners by diverting the mind; for our species are ever ready to laugh at the very follies they are daily committing. The ridiculous, therefore, is essentially the object of comedy, and is what the Latins called the *vis comica*. No liberal minded man who has perused or witnessed the performance of most of the comedies which hold a place on the stage, can deny their moral tendency, and that while they afford rational amusement by depicting in striking colours the foibles of others, they likewise leave an impression on the mind favourable to the pursuit of virtue. Like every thing within the control of man,

the drama is apt to be abused by the disgraceful pursuits of some of those who follow it as a profession, and by excess of indulgence in those who are in the habit of frequenting the theatre. But let not these fortuitous circumstances be laid to the charge of what is in itself correct, lest we be compelled to declaim against every virtuous institution, because the conduct of many of their supporters is in direct opposition to what is considered praiseworthy among men.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

O'Keefe's London Hermit.—The plot of this play is founded most probably on the following anecdote:—The gardens at Pain's-Hill, near Cobham, in Surry, in the late possession of Mr. Bond Hopkins, of which so much praise has been justly given, bring to our recollection an anecdote of their former owner, Mr. Hamilton. He advertised for a person who was willing to become the hermit of that retreat, under the following, among many other curious conditions; that he was to dwell in the hermitage for seven years; where he should be provided with a bible, optical glasses, a mat for his bed, and a hassock for his pillow, an hour-glass for his time-piece, water for his beverage from the stream that runs at the back of his cot, and food from the house, which was to be brought him daily by a servant, but with whom he was never to exchange one syllable; he was to wear a cambric robe, never to cut his beard or his nails, to tread on sandals, never to stray in the open parts of the ground, nor beyond their limits; that if he lived there under all these restrictions, till the end of the term, he was to receive seven hundred guineas; but on the breach of any one of them, or if he quitted his place any time previous to that term, the whole was to be forfeited, and all the loss of time remediless. One person attempted it, but three weeks formed the extent of his abode. Lord Mount Edgcumbe and Mr. Bradly, it is reported, possess similar hermitages on their estates, and have made the same proposals.

Foote and Quin.—Foote had signified in his advertisements, while he was exhibiting his imitations at one of the Theatres Royal, that he would on a particular evening take off Quin, who, being desirous of seeing his own picture, took a place in the stage box, and when the audience had done applauding Foote for the justness of the representation, Quin bawled out, with a loud horse laugh, "I'm glad on't, by G—d; the poor fellow will get a clean shirt by it."—When Foote retorted from the stage, "A clean shirt, Master Quin? that was a very novel thing in your family a few years ago."

Daughter of Colley Cibber.—It is well known that Colley Cibber had a daughter named Charlotte, who, like him, took to the stage: her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, affliction, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked-up a novel for the press, which the writer of this anecdote accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Charke, a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington, in the purlicus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the New River Head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleanings of the streets, and the priests of Cloacina to deposit the offerings from the temples of that all-worshipped power. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the Muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnish-

ed an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half boots. We knocked at the door, (not attempting to pull the latch-string,) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender. A perfect model for the copper captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule a Wife*. She with a torpid voice and hungry smile desired us to walk in.—The first object that presented itself, was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle-piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect; and at our author's feet, on the flounce of her dingy petticoat, reclined a dog, almost a skeleton: he raised his shagged head, and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele! these are friends." The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure.—Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked!—A magpie perched on the top ring of her chair, not an uncomely ornament; and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows—the pipe was gone—an advantage in their present office; they served as a succedaneum for a writing desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken teacup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! A rough deal board with three hobbling supporters was brought for our convenience, on which, without further ceremony, we contrived to sit down and enter upon business. The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation.—The bookseller offered five!—Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous: however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopism and the state of author-craft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed; and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one half the risk; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet-laureat and patentee of Drury-lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet unmindful of her advantages, and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.

The account given of this unfortunate woman is literally correct in every particular, of which, except the circumstance of her death, the writer of this anecdote was an eye-witness.

Tragic Actors.—Montfleury, a French comedian, was one of the greatest actors of his time for characters highly tragic. He died of the violent efforts he made in representing Orestes in the *Andromache* of Racine. The author of the "Parnasse reformé" makes him thus express him-

self in the shades. There is something extremely droll in his lamentations, and it conveys a severe railing on the inconveniences which tragic actors must certainly feel in an extreme degree.

"Ah! how sincerely do I wish that tragedies had never been invented! I might then have been yet in a state capable of appearing on the stage; and if I should not have attained the glory of sustaining sublime characters, I should at least have trifled agreeably, and have worked off my spleen in laughing! I have wasted my lungs in the violent emotions of jealousy, love, and ambition. A thousand times have I been obliged to force myself to represent more passions than Le Brun ever painted or conceived. I saw myself frequently obliged to dart terrible glances; to roll my eyes furiously in my head, like a man insane; to frighten others by extravagant grimaces; to imprint on my countenance the redness of indignation and hatred; to make the paleness of fear and surprise succeed each other by turns; to express the transports of rage and despair; to cry out like a demoniac; and consequently to strain all the parts of my body to render them fitter to accompany these different impressions. The man then who would know of what I died, let him not ask if it is of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout; but let him know it is of the *Andromache*!"

Most readers will recollect the death of Bond, who felt so exquisitely the character of Lusignan in *Zara*, which he personated, that Zara, when in her turn she addressed the old man, found him dead in his chair.

The assumption of a variety of characters, by a person of an irritable and delicate nature, may have a very serious effect on the mental faculties. This remark is founded on sufficient evidence. It would not be difficult to draw up a list of actors, who have fallen martyrs to their tragic characters. The reader may recollect several modern instances.

Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession; he used to say, that tragic actors should be nursed on the lap of queens! Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might see, once in a century, a Cæsar, but that it required a thousand years to produce a Baron! The French writers have preserved a variety of little anecdotes which testify the admirable talents he displayed. They have recorded one observation of his respecting actors, which is not less applicable to poets and to painters. "Rules," said this sublime actor, as he is called, "may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if passion carries them, it will be well done;—passion knows more than art."

Garrick.—When Garrick was last at Paris, Previle, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa. Our Roscius, being in a gay humour, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly ply between Paris and Versailles, on which road Previle's villa was situated. When they got in, Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on; but the fellow answered, that he would do so as soon as he had got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick: he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers, Garrick slipped out at the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, a power which he so happily displayed in Abel Drugger, palmed himself upon the coachman as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Previle. Garrick whipped out a third time, and addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, "that he had already got his complement."

Shuter, the Comedian.—At the close of that season in which Shuter, the comedian, first became so universally and deservedly celebrated in his Master Stephen, in the revived comedy of "Every Man in his Humour," he was engaged, for a few nights, in a principal city in the north of England. It happened that the stage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side of Finchley Common by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his own money, pretended to be asleep; but Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Shuter to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man—"Money!" returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpreessibly vacant; "Oh! Lord, sir, they never trust me with any; for *uncle* here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honour!" Upon which the highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket; while Shuter, who did not lose a single farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment, pursued his journey, laughing heartily at his fellow-traveller.

Black-eyed Susan.—Gay wrote this well-known ballad upon Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress, contemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love, and the ingratitude of a besom friend, deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was *Hamlet*; in this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture in *Ophelia*. The recollection struck her, and with that cunning which is so often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of the keepers, and got to the theatre, where she concealed herself until the scene in which *Ophelia* enters in her insane state; she then pushed on the stage, before the lady who had performed the previous part of the character could come on, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could effect. She was, in truth, *Ophelia* herself, to the amazement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On going off, she exclaimed, "It is all over!" She was immediately conveyed back to her late place of security, and a few days after,

"Like a lily drooping,
Bowed her head, and died."

BIOGRAPHY.

BURKE AND BARRY.

(From Ryan's *Biographie Hibernica*.)

The painter met his early friend by accident, after a long interruption of their intercourse, and Barry, insisting on precedence in the march of hospitality, invited the statesman to dinner next day, to which Burke agreed, and kept his appointment. When he rapped at the door Dame Ursula, who opened it, at first denied that her master was at home; but on Mr. Burke's expressing some surprise, and announcing his name, Barry overheard his voice, and ran down stairs in the usual trim of abstracted genius, utterly regardless of his personal appearance: his scanty gray hair, unconscious of the comb, supported in disordered ringlets round his head; a greasy green silk shade over his eyes served as an auxiliary to a pair of horn-mounted spectacles, to strengthen his vision. His linen was none of the whitest, and a sort of *robe de* served the purposes of a *robe de* but it was of the composite or

was neither jockey-coat, surtout, pelisse, nor tunic, but a mixture of all four; and the chronology of it might have puzzled the Society of Antiquaries to develop. After a welcome greeting, he conducted his eloquent countryman to his dwelling-room on the first floor, which served him for kitchen, parlour, study, gallery, and painting room; but it was at that moment so befogged with smoke, as almost to suffocate its phthisicky owner, and was quite impervious to the rays of vision. Barry apologized; d—d the bungling chimney doctors; hoped the smoke would clear up as soon as the fire burnt bright; and was quite at a loss to account for such an "infernal smother," until Mr. Burke, with some difficulty, convinced him he was himself the cause: for, in order to remedy the errors of his chimney, he had removed the old stove-grate from the fireplace into the centre of the room, where it was sustained by a large old dripping pan, by way of a platform, to save the carpet from ignition; and he had been occupied for half an hour with the bellows to cheer up the coals to a blaze. He was now prevailed on to assist his guest in removing the grate to its proper situation, and the windows being thrown open, the smoke soon vanished.

He now proceeded to conduct his guest to see his pictures in certain apartments on the higher story, where many exquisite pieces without frames stood edgewise on the floor, with their fronts to the walls, to guard them from injury; and by the aid of a sponge and water, their coats of dust were removed, and their beauties developed, much to the delight of the guest. —Having lectured *con amore* upon the history and merits of the paintings, his next object was to display to his guest the economy of his bedroom: the walls of this apartment, too, were occupied by frameless pictures, veiled, in perennial dust, which was likewise sponged off, to develop their beauties, and display some first-rate gems of the art. In a sort of recess between the fire-place and the wall stood a stump bedstead without curtains, and counterpaned by a rug, bearing all the vestiges of long and arduous service, and tinted only by the accumulated soil of half a century, which no scourer's hand had ever profaned. "That, Sir," said the artist, "is my bed; I use no curtains, because they are unwholesome, and I breathe more freely, and sleep as soundly as if I reposed on down, and snored under velvet. But there, my friend," continued he, pointing to a broad shelf, fixed high above the bed, and fortified on three sides by the walls of recess, "that is my *chef d'œuvre*. Eec, I have outdone them at last." —"Outdone whom?" said Mr. Burke. —"The rats, the d—d rats, my dear friend," replied Barry, rubbing his palms in ecstasy; "they beat me out of every other security in the house—could not keep anything for them in cupboard or closet; they devour tiny cold meat, and bread and cheese, and bacon; but there they are now, you see, all safe and snug, in defiance of all the rats in the parish." Mr. Burke could not do less than highly commend his invention, and congratulate him on its success. They now descended to the first room; Barry, whose only clock was his stomach, felt it was his dinner hour, but totally forgot his invitation, until Mr. Burke reminded him of it: —"Ode-ah! my dear friend," said he, "I long your pardon; so I did invite you, and it totally escaped my memory: but if you will sit down here and blow the fire, I'll step out and get a charming beef-steak in a minute." Mr. Burke took the bellows to cheer up the fire—and Barry his departure to cater for the banquet. And shortly after, he returned with a venison beef-steak, enveloped in cabbage *à la* crammed into one pocket; the other *à la* rued with potatoes; under his arm a bottle of port, procured from a *fee-house*, and in each

iron was placed on the fire, and Mr. Burke performed the office of cook: while Barry, as butler, set the table, which he covered with a table-cloth perfectly geographical; for the stains of former soups and gravies had given it the appearance of a map of the world. The knives and forks were veterans brigaded from different sets, for no two of them wore the same uniform, in blades, handles, or shapes. Dame Ursula cooked the potatoes in Tipperarian perfection, and by five o'clock the hungry friends sat down, like Æneas and Achates, to make a hearty meal: after having despatched the "pingue ferina," they whiled away the time till nine o'clock, over their two flagons "veteris Bacchi," —

"And jok'd, and laugh'd, and talk'd of former times."

Mr. Burke has often been heard to declare, that this was one of the most umusing and delightful days of his whole life.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

NATURAL CAUSES OF APPARITIONS, VISIONS, AND THE SECOND SIGHT.

Almost every one knows what astonishing phenomena can be produced by an optical and catoptrical apparatus. But nature, who in her operations surpasses the greatest artists, is no less capable of effecting most wonderful phenomena by a similar process.

Schott, a learned German writer, speaking in his *Magica Optica*, of the famous Morgana at Regio, in the Mamertinian Sound in Italy, says: "This wonderful phenomenon shows itself principally when the heat of the sun is most violent, and, as it should seem, makes the Mamertinian lake boil up; when a copious mass of vapours rises from its surface, which produces the most singular phenomena. The beholder imagines he sees fortresses, palaces, and houses, in regular order, suspended in the air. These disappear gradually and make room for an immense number of columns, which also vanish in a short time, to be succeeded by an equally splendid and astonishing spectacle:—large forests and whole alleys of cypresses and other trees present themselves, as well as large fields, covered with a number of people, with small and large flocks of cattle, and similar objects in their natural colours. This phenomenon is called by the inhabitants of Regio the *fay Morgana*."

Kircher, who in the year 1636 was at Regio with Frederic, landgrave of Hesse, inquired carefully into the particulars of that singular phenomenon, and conversed about it with the oldest and most experienced people of the place: however, he could not see it himself, because it happens very rarely. Father Angelich, who saw it several times, gives a most interesting account of it, which is to be found in Kircher's *Arts magna Lucis et Umbrae*.

Kircher accounts for the physical causes of the Morgana in the following manner: He observes, that the mountain, which is situated opposite Regio, extends from Cabtria towards Peloso. The shores of the lake, as well as the bed of it, are covered with a great quantity of small pellucid mineral particles, which are drawn up by the intense heat of the sun along with the vapours of the lake, and form in the air a perfect speculum of an immense number of angles. In this speculum, the background of which is formed by the mountain, are represented images of distant objects, which differ according to the point of view in which the beholder's eyes are directed towards that airy mirror. For the appearance of the row of columns, Kircher accounts by observing, that a column stood at the shore of the lake, which multiplied itself in the facets of the speculum, in the same manner in which an image, which is placed two corresponding

mirrors, can be multiplied. Thus a single warrior, if his image be reflected by the clouds, may represent a whole army. As for the possibility of small mineral particles being drawn up into the air with watery vapours, it is generally acknowledged in our times: for all observers of nature agree, that the sun attracts, along with the vapours, a great number of small bodies, a proof of which are the hairs, chaff, sand, and other particles, which sometimes are found inclosed in large hail-stones.

Damascus mentions similar phenomena, in the life of Isidore, the philosopher. We recollect, says he, to have heard of creditable people, that in hot summer days armed horsemen have been seen suspended in the air in Sicily in a field, which is called Tetrphyrgion, (the four towers,) and in other places.

Scipio Marcellus Tays, in his description of Naples, that similar phenomena are frequently seen at Nerito in Apulia. And Cornelius Agrippa mentions instances of the same kind, in his *Philosophia Occulta*.

Herrera, a Spanish historian, mentions another phenomenon, arising from similar causes, which was seen in the kingdom of Guatimala, in South America.

The inhabitants of that country frequently saw their idol suspended in the air, attended by a number of others. These people being entirely destitute of physical knowledge, were astonished at that wonderful sight, and fell on their knees to adore their miraculous god. This idol was publicly worshipped near the shore of the sea, and could easily be reflected by the numerous facets of such a cloudy speculum, which nature undoubtedly formed of the saline particles drawn up into the air along with the vapours of the sea. It is obvious that this must have been the case, because the phenomenon was not seen after the introduction of Christianity, when the idol was destroyed.

Kircher observes also, that the Mauritanian shepherds may have been misled by a similar illusion, to believe that the air was inhabited by an immense number of spirits, when they were clothed in the skins of wild beasts, and danced to the sound of fifes and flutes. Their images were reflected by the clouds; and when they beheld the air filled with supernatural beings, which took the reflection of their own images, and heard the noise which they made re-echo in the mountains, they could easily adopt the idea that the air was filled with spectres and devils.

Thomas Fazello, who has carefully collected whatever is remarkable in Sicily, describes, in the first decade of his work, book ii. ch. 1, another singular phenomenon of the same kind. When the air, says he, is calm and serene, the sky exhibits, frequently, at the dawn of day, various animal and human forms, skipping to and fro, or fighting with each other, till they are dispelled by the heat of the rising sun.

These instances, we think, will be sufficient to serve our readers as a clue to explain many singular apparitions and visions in a natural manner, and to account for the physical causes of second sight, which is particularly attributed to the inhabitants of North Wales, and of the Scotch Islands.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Whale Fishing.—The maternal affection of the whale, which in other respects is apparently a stupid animal, is striking and interesting. The cub being insensible to danger, is easily harpooned, when the tender affection of the mother is so manifested, as not unfrequently to bring it within reach of the whalers. Hence, though a cub is of little value, yet it is sometimes struck as a snare for its mother. In this case she joins it at the surface of the water, whenever it has occasion to rise for respiration, encourages it to swim

away; assists its flight by taking it under her fin; and seldom deserts it while life remains. She is then dangerous to approach, but affords frequent opportunities for attack. She loses all regard for her own safety, in anxiety for the preservation of her young; dashes through the midst of her enemies; despises the danger that threatens her, and even voluntarily remains with her offspring after various attacks have been made upon her self. In the whale fishery of 1814, a harpooner struck a young whale, with the hope of its leading to the mother. Presently she arose, and seizing the young one, dragged about a hundred fathoms of line out of the boat, with remarkable force and velocity. Again she rose to the surface; darted furiously to and fro; frequently stopped short, or suddenly changed her direction, and gave every possible intimation of extreme agony. For a length of time she continued thus to act, though closely pursued by the boats; and inspired with courage and resolution by her concern for her offspring, seemed regardless of the danger that surrounded her. Being at length struck with six harpoons, she was killed.

Sagacity of the Dog.—A man was attending his cart and horse, on the Oldham road, accompanied by his favourite dog, upon a mission to Manchester. He was but a short distance from that town, when he discovered that a bag of hay, which he had put into his cart, had vanished; when he had gone a little farther, he found that the companion of his journey had also disappeared, and he went forward to Manchester. In about five hours afterwards he had to return home, and upon arriving near the toll-bar, at Newton, he descried his old acquaintance—where, our readers will be surmising? Why, upon the identical bag which had fallen out of the cart, and which the trusty creature had been observed to drag out of the middle of the road on the foot path, where he lay all that time anxiously awaiting the appearance of his lord and master, on his homeward peregrination.

AGRICULTURAL MEMORANDA.

Diseases of Cattle.—Mr. White has published a very useful work on this subject. He asserts that with good management in respect to food, water, air, and exercise, almost all the internal diseases of cattle may be prevented. He condemns the practice of tying cattle up in winter, and strongly recommends that they should be suffered to exercise themselves in a large farm yard, taking care to feed them with good hay, which will greatly increase the produce of milk. In all inflammatory disorders he insists on the necessity of copious bleeding, he has "taken two gallons of blood from a heifer, and thereby saved her life, whereas Cow doctors rarely take more than two quarts—the prevention of disease is however the most important, and consists in giving the animal wholesome food, proper shelter, and exercise during winter, and wholesome water at all times." On the last subject, we give his observations at length, as they may prove interesting to many of our readers:—"I have lately had the honour of spending a day with Dr. Jenner, that amiable and illustrious physician, whose invaluable discovery has proved such a blessing to the world. The doctor condescended to converse with me on the diseases of cows; and informed me that giving wholesome water to those animals, was of more importance than the publick is aware of. He told me there was a farm in the neighbourhood, where three or four farmers had sustained such a loss from abortions in their cows, from red water and other diseases, that they were ruined or obliged to give it up. The present occupier suspected that the water they drank was the cause of the mischief, and therefore, sunk three wells on different parts of the farm, and pumped the wa-

ter into troughs for the cattle. The ponds were fenced round to prevent them getting at the water, so that they drank only from the troughs. Since that time the farmer has not had a single abortion, (termed warping in Gloucestershire), or one case of red water. His cattle have been free also from swelled udders; and what is of great importance to a Gloucestershire farmer, he makes more cheese, and his cheese is greatly improved in quality. The doctor wished me to visit this farm, which I did, and another at a short distance. I found that the usual mode of watering cattle where there was no brook or running water, was from a pit of stagnant rain or spring water, to which the cattle had access by means of a sloping path on one side only. It has been observed that cattle, immediately after drinking, dung and make water; sometimes in the water close to it, and almost always before they leave the sloping path. The dung and urine, therefore, flow into the pond, or are washed into it by the rain, and make the water so impure, that it has been found to kill eels, and nothing but noxious insects can live in it. The disgust which such water must excite in animals accustomed to drink from brooks, is gradually overcome in a great measure, and they sometimes drink it without appearing to suffer; but the influence it has upon the animal's health is strikingly shown upon this farm. On visiting the other farm, where the cows had been prevented from drinking this pond water only six months, the beneficial effect of drinking wholesome water was sufficiently obvious to demonstrate its utility. Before that time they were frequently meeting with red water and swollen quarters, i.e. a swelling of a part of the udder; but since the cows had drank pure water, not one case of either had occurred. Since my return to Oak-hill, which was only yesterday, I have heard of a farmer at Whitchurch, who has discovered that giving his cows wholesome water is essential to their health, and to the goodness of their milk, butter, and cheese."

Observations by Mr. Gordon of Orrok, a farmer in Aberdeenshire, on the improved Scotch Yellow Turnip. (Communicated by Sir John Sinclair.)

In northern climates, (as Aberdeenshire,) this sort should never be sown before the end of June, or beginning of July, if intended for spring uses. In the southern counties of Scotland, and in England, it should be sown some days later, or about the middle of July.

It is a quick growing plant, and arrives at full maturity much sooner than most other kinds of turnip. From its burying itself deep in the soil, it is enabled to withstand frost better than most other kinds of turnips. It is an excellent sort for table use, and, if given in full perfection, it will fatten stock much quicker than Ruth Baga, and the meat has a more than ordinary fine flavour, and a peculiar richness. If sown in May, it will be in perfection in the beginning of August; but when sown at the proper season, it is better calculated for spring use.

N. B. The sort alluded to by Mr. Gordon is supposed to have been improved by a cross with the Swedes.

Means of extirpating the Mole.—Immediately at day-break it will be necessary to make a tour round the garden or meadow, from which it is wished to extirpate the moles; for at that time they will be all found at work, as may be seen by the hills newly thrown up. If the person is then close to the hill, he must proceed as the gardeners do, and turn up with a stroke of the spade the hill together with the digger. The passage is then cut through before the animal is aware of the attack, and then it has not power to escape. If the mole-hill be fresh, even though the animal may not be throwing up earth, the person ought not to lose his time in waiting, but should immediately

proceed to the operation. If a fresh hill is found standing by itself, which is always the case when the mole has worked from the surface downwards to procure a more convenient habitation, after the hill has been turned up with the spade, a bucket of water should be poured over the mouth of the passage. By these means the animal, which is at no great distance, will be obliged to come forth, and may be easily caught with the hand. You may discover also whether a hill has any communication with another, if you apply your ear to it, and then cough or make a loud noise. If it has no communication with the neighbouring hills, you will hear the terrified animal make a noise by its motion. It will then be impossible for it to escape; and you may either pour water into the hole, or turn up the hill with a spade until the mole is found; for in general it never goes deeper into the earth than from fifteen to eighteen inches.

When any of the beds in a garden have been newly watered, the mole, attracted by the coolness and moisture, readily reappears thither, and takes up its residence, making a passage at the depth of scarcely an inch below the surface. In that case, it may easily be caught. When you see it at work, you need only tread behind the animal with your feet on the passage to prevent a retreat, and then turn up the hill with a spade; by which means you will be sure to catch it. When you dig after it with spade, the animal forces its way downwards into the earth in a perpendicular direction, in order that it may better escape the threatened danger. In that case it will not be necessary to dig long, but to pour water over the place, which will soon make the animal return upwards.

People in general are not aware of the great mischief occasioned in fields and gardens by these animals. We are, however, informed by Buffon, that in the year 1740 he planted fifteen or sixteen acres of land with acorns, and that the greater part of them were in a little time carried away by the moles to their subterranean retreats. In many of these there were found half a bushel, and in others a bushel. Buffon, after this circumstance, caused a great number of iron traps to be constructed, by which in less than three weeks he caught 1300. To this instance of the devastation occasioned by these animals, we may add the following: In the year 1742 they were so numerous in some parts of Holland, that one farmer alone caught between five and six thousand. The destruction occasioned by these animals is however no new phenomenon:—We are informed by history, that the inhabitants of the island of Tenedos, the Trojans, and the Aeolians, were infested by them in the earliest ages. For this reason a temple was erected to Apollo Smythius, the destroyer of moles.

Value of Breeds.—The value of every grazing animal must be the proportion of animal food acquired by the consumption of a given quantity of vegetable food, (supposing the quality, as in such case is allowed, to be unobjectionable.) Now the certain way of deciding the superiority of any two animals in this respect, is by weighing each before the commencement of the experiment, weighing the food consumed by each during the progress of the experiment, and again to weigh the two animals at the conclusion. To prevent accidental differences in particular individuals of each breed, it will be necessary to pursue the experiment through a considerable number of each, and whenever this is done, the average result will be a sentence without appeal on the relative value of such breeds.

MINERVA MEDICA.

Infection.—Dr. Bateman condemns the custom, so frequently adopted, of sprinkling the sick chamber with aromatic vine-

gar or other perfumes, as tending to irritate the air rather than to prevent infection. Careful ventilation is the essential thing.

Rheumatism.—It is said to be a specific for the rheumatism, to apply a cabbage leaf to the part affected. Cut off the tuberous stalk at the back, and place it on the part with a bandage of flannel, on going to bed: it will produce a local perspiration, and in two or three repetitions will effect a cure.

Poison.—For persons poisoned by laudanum or other narcotics, cow itch is recommended to be scattered over the body, neck, and arms. The good effects are said to be almost immediate.

Warts, Corns, &c.—The bark of the willow-tree burnt to ashes, and mixed with strong vinegar, forms a lixivium which effectually eradicates, by repeated applications, warts, corns, and other cutaneous excrescences.

Hydrophobia.—The Liverpool Mercury says, "We recommend a constant and abundant supply of water to be placed within the reach of every animal of the canine species. The probability of preventing even a single case of that most appalling and ever fatal disease, hydrophobia, is worthy of every precaution."

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

Public Health.—What was originally termed the "infected district," is gradually extending itself to the eastward and up Broadway, as high as Dey-street, and Maiden-lane, within which boundary several cases have occurred. We think the fences ought to be still more extended, and that no consideration whatever should induce any one to continue even within sight of the enclosed district. The disease is well-known to seize on its victims many days before the symptoms appear.

The accounts of draught and dysentery, from the different counties of Pennsylvania, and all their painful, distressing, and fatal consequences, are as melancholy as heretofore. The middle and western counties appear to be suffering the most.

Accounts have been received from Havana, that the coronation of Augustin the First, Emperor of Mexico, took place on the 21st of July.

The British Missionary Society in London have published an official account of the arrival of a Mermaid, at the Cape of Good Hope, and given a full description of her, and the proprietor of the extraordinary animal is Captain Edes, of Boston, in America; who had been offered 10,000 dollars for it, but refused to part with it for any sum.

The Great Dam across the Hudson river, at Fort Edward, is completed and filled with water. It has been constructed to supply the Northern Canal with water, and there is no doubt but it will answer the purpose. It is thirty-three feet high, and more than nine hundred feet long.

Four beautiful water-sprouts were seen on the 21st ult. by the inhabitants of Cleveland village, in Ohio, apparently about ten miles distant. A cloud hung over the Lake at the time, which being pretty high, and the sprouts black and perpendicular, they resembled huge pillars of some mighty fabric, and occasionally changing their position, presented a grand and beautiful prospect. They continued visible for some length of time, and their disappearance was followed by the falling of rain in torrents on the Lake, and a slight shower extending to the village.

A Calf only seven months old on the 18th of last month, the property of Nathan Cook, of Fayette, Seneca county, is stated to have given for the last month from 1½ to 2 pints of milk every day; and has a bag and teats of a handsome size. The usual quantity of cream rises on the milk as on milk from cows. The calf is but common sized for the age, and Mr. C. is obliged to have it milked regularly to prevent injury.

The agricultural Society of Ontario has offered a premium of \$10 for the best five bushels of Mineral Coal, to be awarded at

Canandaigua, in October next. This valuable article, says the Buffalo Journal, has long been known to exist in Ontario county, where it has often been casually found in small quantities, and in different townships; and the opening of the Canal has awakened a spirit of inquiry on the subject that promises to be useful.

Salt Springs, of more than ordinary richness, have been discovered in the town of Murray, Genesee county, about 20 miles west of the village of Rochester. The springs are stated to be attended by most of the usual associations—as secondary rocks; clay, in its usual state, and indurated; sandstone, *elephant's teeth*, &c. Some of the workmen pursuing their excavation in the bed of the creek, found, at the depth of 12 or 14 inches from the surface, a tooth of uncommon size, weighing 2 lbs. 2 oz.—and 13 inches in circumference. It appears to be one of the molars or grinders, and the end or surface is deeply indented, forming three protuberant, pointed, and parallel ridges across it. The extremity of the root has either decayed and crumbled off, or has been broken off with some violence; what remains of the tooth (say six inches in length) is entirely sound, and so hard, that a file will scarcely make an impression upon it. It has become a jet black, except some portions of the surface, which have received a peculiar polish, apparently from the action of the opposing tooth, when in use by the animal.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XXIII. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Czar and Czarovitch*; *Russian Tale*.—*Story of Dr. Clement*, from the Philanthropist.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Manners and Customs of the Persians*, from Sir R. K. Porter's Travels.

LITERATURE.—*English, French, and Italian Poets contrasted*.

THE DRAMA.—*Paris Theatre*, No. I.—*Dramatic Anecdotes*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Galileo Galilei Lynceus*.

ARTS and SCIENCES.—*On Diet*, from Kitchener's Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life.—*Agricultural Memoranda*.—*Natural History*.—*Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals*.

POETRY.—Our highly esteemed correspondent Mr. JAMES G. BROWN, whose chaste and delightful poetical effusions, subscribed "Florio," are well known, having kindly favoured us with a production of his pen, we have great pleasure in presenting it this day to the readers of the MINERVA. Mr. B. has done well to prefix his name to his poetical pieces; for although hypercriticism has already levelled its shafts at him, he may rest assured that those who are capable of estimating merit, know also how to distinguish between modest talent and the vituperations of unprovoked and ungenerous slanderers.

The communications of "Laurence," always acceptable, will appear as early as possible.

GLEANER, RECORD, DEATHS and MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

MARRIED,

On Sunday, Mr. Sammons Oliver, to Miss Mary Ann Brewer.

On Thursday, Mr. Daniel A. Tichenor, to Miss Catharine Lawrence.

Mr. James M. Liwaine, to Miss Eliza Shales.

On the 24th ult. Mr. William Kermarthy, to Mrs. Theresa Williams.

DIED,

On the 27th ult. Richard Garrison, aged 60.

On the 30th, Mr. Jos. Mathers, late of Leeds, England.

On the 1st inst. Richard Cole, aged 34, late a shipmaster.

On Saturday last, Miss Eleanor Constantine.

On the 4th inst. in the 34th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers.

On Saturday, Miss Margaret Duncan; and on Tuesday, Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan, her mother.

On the 3d, Mr. John A. Luff, in the 47th year of his age.

Anna Sabina Walgrave, in the 72d year of her age.

Mrs. Eliza Duncan, aged 60 years.

Last Thursday, at Albany, Mr. Thomas Agg.

At Saugatuck, (Conn.) on Saturday, Miss Linda Wood, late of New-York.

On the 5th, at Kip's Bay, Mrs. Hannah Gamage, wife of Amory Gamage.

Drowned, in St. Mary's River, on the 10th ult.

Mr. Daniel Gracie, aged 40 years, merchant of St. Mary's, and a native of the state of N. York.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

THE SELF-MURDERER.

(By James G. Brooks.)

He rests beneath the clay—
The deed of darkness done!
His soul hath pass'd away,
Its hour of trial gone.

His eye is glazed and dim—
And where his relics lie,
There breathes no requiem,
No mourner heaves the sigh.

He roam'd this weary earth
In solitude of wo,
And every spring of mirth
For him refus'd to flow:

He found no hand to press,
No heart to prize his own,
And bore his deep distress
Unfriended and alone.

In the fair blush of day,
And in the still midnight
He pac'd his weary way—
A solitary blight!

In sunshine and in storm
His heart was still the same,
A victim to the worm—
A shrine of wasting flame!

And mem'ry's gloomy pall
Hung o'er his faded bliss—
Lost wretch! he could not call
One lonely pleasure his:

Till madness, dark and cold,
Came on to close the scene,
And aye his anthem roll'd
O'er bliss that once had been.

Bright was heaven's golden glow,
The earth in flow'r's was drest,
As if to mock the wo

That brooded in his breast.

He gaz'd upon the sky,

Upon the smiling sun;

Red glar'd his steel on high—

He struck—the deed was done!

The struggle now is hush'd,
Its fearful writhings o'er;
His cheek shall now be flush'd
With agony no more.

That frenzied spirit sleeps

In still and shrouded gloom,

Whilst dull oblivion keeps

Her vigil o'er his tomb.

For the Minerva.

The following is the introduction to a poem, of considerable length, which the author had progressed in before he was aware that other hands were employed on a subject similar to that which had engaged his attention, and which, in consequence, he has been induced altogether to abandon. As some parts of the poem, however, are disconnected with the main design, and the writer hopes they may be thought worthy of perusal by those who are disposed to favour the exertions of the youthful aspirant, they are offered for insertion in the MINERVA, where they may be entitled "Extracts, No. I." &c. if they should meet the approbation of the Editor.]

EXTRACT. No. I.

A youthful bard, whose yet unlau'd name
Has ne'er been sounded on the trumpet of fame,
On new-fledg'd pinion, and in untaught flight,
Wings his aspiring way to that proud height,
Where the soft Muses fix their airy cell,
Where fancy's fairest offspring love to dwell;
And where to poesy, his sweetest child,
Genius has reared an altar undefil'd,
Whose off'ring is the homage of the soul,
The passion's feelings' sway, the willing heart's
control,—

He boasts not that such rapt'ring music springs,
Forth at his bidding, from his rude swept strings,
As in the olden days of Grecian pride
I'll'd blind Moenies with fire, allied
To the Promethean spark of birth divine,
Or that which pour'd the spirit of the Nine
O'er his warm soul, who in the Mantuan shade
The pen of genius and of fancy sway'd;
Or which with Avon's bard, from tuneful wire,
Pour'd o'er the subject soul tumultuous fire:
They, borne on eagle-pinnions, which on high,
Wafted their souls from earth, with fearless eye,

Unshrinking turn'd to where those arches flame,
Which crown for e'er the steep ascent of fame,
Lur'd on the minds of men, with suer sway
(Follow'd to deathless fame a nobler way)
Than e'en the proudest of the warrior band
That strode o'er prostrate necks to vain command;
To wealth, which now is—now for ever flies;
And fame, that with the base possession dies.
For me, no glorious lot like this remains,
No heaven-born spirit o'er my visions reigns,
Though fame, high thron'd in the triumphal car,
To join her banners, lures me from afar,
And every passion in the swelling breast
Burns for the strife, disdaining slothful rest.
Alas! too weak my limbs the height to bear;
And the glad soul up glory's steep to bear;
My light too feeble, with unshrinking gaze
Scathless to meet the flashing of that blaze,
Which fills with floods of light the proud abode
Where fame o'wes countless sons, and every son
a god.
Down, struggling spirit—cease then to repine
For fame, for wreaths, which never can be thine.
To bards more favour'd, o'er whose kindling souls
The tide of native inspiration rolls,
Whose fancy bears them upward through the sky,
Soaring to realms unutterably high:
To might like theirs the glorious strife resign;
Be gentler themes and kinder trophies thine:
And though thy worth no list'ning thousands laud,
Nor spread to distant realms thy name abroad,
Contented let us tread the allotted way,
Nor into fame's deceitful mazes stray.
The artless note, delighted to prolong,
If these we love and honour greet our song;
Our only fame, when they our cause approve,
And virtue smiles in glances that we love,
When those the nearest, dearest to the heart,
In tones of kindness future hope impart;
Our guiding star, the lustre of those eyes,
Which next to God and honour most we prize;
Our trophy, Wisdom's favouring regard,
And beauty's smile at once our triumph and
reward.

LEADER.

August 27, 1822.

For the Minerva.

LOUISA.

As Venus was walking one morning above
With the young dandy gods who had join'd in her train,
And talking of—politics, fashion, and love,
They were caught in a terrible shower of rain.

Dame Nature, at work in her shop o'er the way,
Observe'd they were dripping with wet to the skin,
With usual good humour she bade them "good day,"
And politely invited the company in.

"I've observ'd," quoth the dame, when the guests were
all seated,
And Venus was drying her shoes on the hearth.
"That among all the females I ever created,
To export to that beautiful planet the earth—

"I say, I've observ'd, though I copied their features
As near as I could, my dear Venus, from you,
That they are the awkwardest, ugliest creatures,
And I blush and am sham'd when the dandies I view:

"They want that bright something that beams in the eye,
That lights up the form and enlivens the face,
That is seen in the blush, that is heard in the sigh,
Imparting an air of such beauty and grace:

"The features themselves too are coarse and ill-shaped,
Or the clay is too moist, or too little I wet it,
But that softens of feature, somehow it will happen,
That, try how I may, I never can get it.

"But since you are here, if you'll sit for a while,
As your gown is quite wet you can sit by the fire."
"Oh, certainly," Venus exclaim'd with a smile,
And a nod to young Mars who was standing close by her.

"Thanks, thanks," quoth the dame, and to work then
she went—

Now I've ne'er been above, and therefore can't say
What time and what labour the good lady spent,
Or what her manœuvres in moulding the clay.

Suffice it, at length, that the figure was made,
And the dame overjoy'd and delighted survey'd it;
And gallant Mars swore by the length of his blade,
That nothing was fairer but she who had made it.

She had chosen twin stars from the azure blue skies,
They were dipp'd in the rainbow that hung in the air;
And Venus herself might have envied the eyes
That were doom'd to bid millions of mortals despair.

The last touch was given—the labour was done,
For with infinite care and with skill she'd prepar'd it;
Mars sent it to earth on a beam of the moon,
And Venus politely sent Cupid to guard it.

They arriv'd, and ere Cupid commenc'd his retreat,
He laugh'd as he sent from his bowstring a dart,
But, oh! it was harmless—it fell at her feet,
For the moon-beam was cold and had frozen her heart!

And still is *Louisa* the loveliest maid,
Though her heart is too cold e'er by love to be won;
And only at distance her charms are survey'd,
As the glacier's bright glow in the beams of the sun.

CHRONOLOGY.

From the creation to the present time.

Before Christ.

290. Demetrius levied an immense army to enter Asia. Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy, and Pyrrhus, combined against him.

Seleucus transferred the Jews into the cities he had built, and made them citizens.

289. Agathocles poisoned by Menon, at the solicitation of his grandson. Demetrius expelled from Macedonia. Sought in vain assistance from the cities of Greece. Athens was the first to revolt, and chose a prætor. Demetrius entered Asia by the advice of Crates, philosopher.

288. Demetrius forsaken by his army, surrendered to Seleucus, king of Syria, and died the year following.

286. Pyrrhus despised by the Macedonians, abdicated, and was succeeded by Lysimachus, who reigned five years and a half. Quintus Hortensius, dictator, the first who died in that office.

285. Lysimachus poisoned his son Agathocles, accused by his step-mother of an incestuous attempt on her.

Ptolemy Philadelphus began to reign with his father in Egypt.

284. Foundation of the Achæan republic, consisting of twelve towns.

Death of Ptolemy Lagus, after a reign of 40 years, in Egypt. He was called Soter, or Saviour. His son, Ptolemy Philadelphus succeeded. The Gauls began to make war on the Romans.

283. The Romans sent against them Luc. Cæcius, prætor, who was slain with 13,000 men. Deputies sent to treat of the ransom of prisoners were put to death by the Gauls.—The Romans gained a victory in Cisalpine Gaul.

282. The Boii were cut to pieces by the Romans and obliged to make peace.

War between Lysimachus, aged 64, and Seleucus, aged 77: Lysimachus was slain. Beginning of the kingdom of Pergamus, in Asia.

281. Seleucus, king of Macedon, after 7 months reign, was murdered by Ceraunus, son of Ptolemy, to whom he had given refuge at his court.

Antiochus Soter, son of Seleucus, succeeded his father in Syria, and reigned twenty years. Ptolemy Ceraunus usurped the throne of Macedon. War between the Romans and Tarentines: Balbus, consul, defeated them, the Samnites, and the Salentines.

280. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, came into Italy to assist the Tarentines. He defeated the Romans, who were panic-struck at his elephants. He released his prisoners without ransom.

279. Ptolemy Ceraunus, king of Macedonia, killed by the Gauls. Sosthenes having expelled the Gauls, accepted the government under the name of general.

Icelas, king of Syracuse, expelled by Thy-

278. The physician of Pyrrhus offered to Fabricius to poison his king. The Roman gave up the traitor. Pyrrhus left Italy, and made peace. Brennus, general of the Gauls, invaded Macedon. War between the Romans and Tarentines: Balbus, consul, defeated them, the Samnites, and the Salentines.

277. Antigonus Gonatas reigned in Macedonia near 33 years.

The Romans continued the war against the Samnites and Tarentines; and Pyrrhus against the Carthaginians in Sicily. The Gauls seized Thrace, and laid Byzantium under contribution.

276. Continuation of the war in Sicily.

275. Pyrrhus, unsuccessful in Sicily, returned to Italy, and was defeated by the Romans.—Hiero chosen commander at Syracuse.

274. Return of Pyrrhus into Epirus. He then invaded Macedon, and having defeated Antigonus made himself declared king. The Vestal Sextilia buried alive for violating her virginity.

272. Pyrrhus entered the country of Lacedemon. He was obliged to retreat, and died before Argos, by a tile which a woman threw upon him.

The Tarentines, Samnites, and Brutians defeated. The Romans granted peace and liberty to the Samnites.

Aratus, a Greek astronomer flourished, as also the poet Callimachus.

271. A legion, seizing on Rhegium, were defeated and put to the sword.

Death of Epicurus, aged 72 years.

270. The Gauls founded the state of Galatia, in Asia.

269. The Romans began to coin silver money.

268. The consuls triumphed over Picentum, a temple vowed to the earth.

267. Salentum and Brundusium subdued by the Romans.

THE MINERVA
Is published every Saturday by E. BLISS & E. WHITE,
384 Broadway, at Four Dollars per annum, *if paid in advance*, or Five Dollars, if credit is taken, payable by half-yearly instalments. Subscribers may communicate with any number; but no subscription will be received for a less period than half a year.

All communications to be addressed "To the Editors of the Minerva, New-York."

J. SETMOUR, printer, at John-street.